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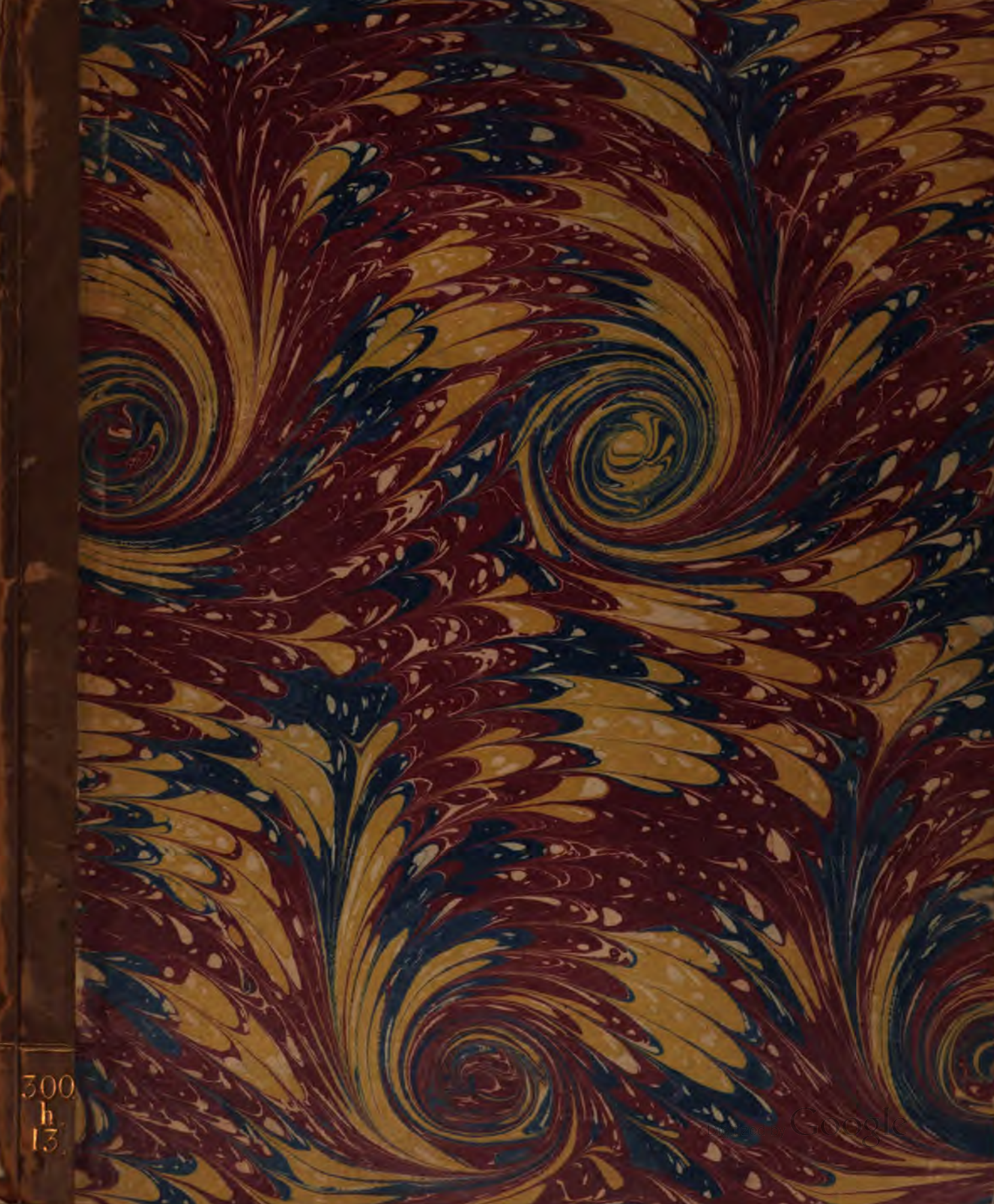
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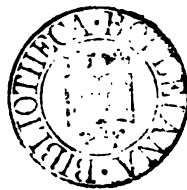
TRANSLATED BY

HENRY SEWELL,

Late Attorney-General of New Zealand.

(AMICI RECENSUEBUNT).

1875.



300, 1/2. 13.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

II.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

III.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl doth to the moon complain
Of such as wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

IV.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yewtree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap;
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

V.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

VI.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Nor climb his knee the envied kiss to share.

CAMPANA insonuit;—pratis armenta relictis
Lassa domum pergunt, emoriente die;
It, tectum repetens, tardis defessus arator
Passibus; et superest nox mihi sola comes.

II.

Paulatim in tenebras montes vallesque recedunt;
Et cœlum et terras occupat alta quies;
At scarabæus agit gyros, strepitantibus alis,
Tinnitûque procul mulcet ovile sopor.

III.

At bubo, vigilans hederosæ culmine turris,
Ad Lunam mæsto carmine sola dolet;
Si quis, apud latebras sua regna occulta morando,
Audeat antiqui limen adire throni.

IV.

Hic, ubi rugescunt ulmi,—sub tegminis taxi,—
Quâ crebris tumulis subruta turgēt humus,—
Pace quiescentes, angusto quisque cubili,
Agrestes ducunt otia longa patres.

V.

Non vox Auroræ, flatu spirantis odoro,—
Non vocitans circa tegmen hirundo casæ,—
Non stridens galli cantus,—non rauca ciebit
Buccina, submissis membra reposta toris.

VI.

Illis nulla fœcum lignis ardentibus uxor
Extruet, aut peraget pensa diurna domi;
Nec patri occurret puerorum turba, petentum
Carpere dilectis oscula raptâ labris.

VII.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

VIII.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure,
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

IX.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
 Awaits alike the inevitable hour :
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

X.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

XI.

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

XII.

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, are laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

VII.

Sæpe Ceres falci subiit matura ; — colonus
 Sæpe gravi duram vomere fregit humum ; —
 Quam lætè juga per campos eduxit amœnos ! —
 Sylvæ sub valida quàm cecidere manu !

VIII.

Ne curas inopum magnus contemnat honestas,
 Aut humilem sortem, lætitiæve leves ;
 Nec res angustas spernat, risuque superbo
 Deneget obscuri quærere gesta loci.

IX.

Quicquid honos, vel opes vel pulchræ gratia formæ
 Vel Majestatis pompa superba dedit
 Par fatum expectant, et ineluctabile tempus ;
 Qui famæ est aditus, janua mortis erit.

X.

Nec, pro delicto, ventosa superbia jactet,
 Quod monumento illis nulla tropæa manent,
 Quâ cantu ascendens, laqueata per atria templi,
 Adsolet orantis vox resonare chori.

XI.

Excusa effigies vivo de marmore, in artus
 Expirantem animam quid revocare valet ?
 Quid prodest cineri famæ vox vana silenti, —
 Aut letho clausis auribus eloquium ?

XII.

Forsitan hic, spretæ sub tecto cespitis, olim
 Fervida divino numine, corda silent ;
 Forsitan hic, doctæ citharam plexisse, quiescunt,
 Aut dignæ imperiû sceptra tulisse, manus.

XIII.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unfold;
 Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of their soul.

XIV.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

XV.

Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
 Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

XVI.

The applause of listening senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes.

XVII.

Their lot forbad: nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined,
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

XVIII.

The struggling pangs of conscious guilt to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrines of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

XIII.

Quam Doctrina suis dives patefecit alumni;
 Illorum visu pagina clausa fuit:—
 Nobilis ardores animi, venamque benignam
 Ingenii, obstruxit frigida pauperies.

XIV.

Splendoris puri gemmas, sed luce carentes,
 Innumeras, latebris æquoris antra gerunt;
 Sæpe procul visu rubuit flos, natus odores
 Spargere desertis, irrita dona, locis.

XV.

Forsitan Hampdenus rudis hic, qui sustulit agri
 Contra vim forti pectore jura sui,—
 Miltonus forsan, mutusque et cassus honore,—
 Cromvellusve insons, et sine labe, jacet.

XVI.

Plausum non illis licuit captâsse Senatûs,
 Aut necis aut damni posthabuisse minas,
 Aut ditasse novis opibus ridentia rura;—
 Qualia sunt oculis acta legenda virûm.

XVII.

Si fortuna dedit spatium virtutibus arctum,
 Criminibus posuit non secus illa modum;
 Per clades vetuit violenter scandere regnum,
 Et durâ humanas spernere voce preces.

XVIII.

Quum sibi conscivit mens culpam, agnoscere verum,
 Non illi ingenuas dediticere genas;
 Nec, turpi obsequio, lustârunt tecta potentûm,
 Musarum accensis thuribus igne sacro.

XIX.

Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray :
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

XX.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhyme and shapeless sculpture decked
 Implore the passing tribute of a sigh.

XXI.

Their names their years spelt by the unlettered muse
 The place of fame and elegy supply,
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

XXII.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

XXIII.

On some fond breast the parting soul' relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

XXIV.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonoured dead
 Dost in these lines an artless tale relate,
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit should enquire thy fate.

XIX.

Illorum, semota procul certamine vulgi,
 Nescierant pennis surgere vota vagis ;—
 Per vitæ placidas umbras, vallesque reductas,
 Æquam servarunt innocuamque viam.

XX.

Sed vetat hos cineres (pietas ut muniat ossa),
 Non insignitos esse superstes amor ;
 Et lapis informis, versusque incultus, amico
 Sollicitant lacrymas prætereunte breves.

XXI.

Nomina et ætates, quas Musa indocta notavit,
 Quod superest famæ Commemorare valent ;
 Crebraque ruricolam monitis sententia sacris,
 Fortiter adventum mortis obire docet.

XXII.

Ecquis enim, oblitus curarum, oblitus amorum,
 Et quas lætities auxilia vita tulit,
 Non semel, ut mærens, oculos sub morte retorsit,
 Aut voluit dulcem deseruisse diem ?

XXIII.

Ægra anima, horrescens avelli pectore caro,
 Exoptat lacrymas, jam moritura, pias ;
 Naturæ clamat vox importuna sepulchro ;
 Et cinere in gelido postuma flamma calet.

XXIV.

De te, qui referens res actas vate carentium,
 Hæc tenui musa commemorare petis,
 Si quis, ad has sedes meditandi ductus amore,
 Ut socii, quænam sint tua fata, roget.

XXV.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say
 " Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

XXVI.

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots on high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

XXVII.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove :
 Now drooping woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed with hopeless love.

XXVIII.

" One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favourite tree :
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

XXIX.

" The next with dirges due in sad array
 Slow thro' the churchyard path we saw him borne.
 Approach and read, for thou can'st read, the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

XXX.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown :
 Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And melancholy marked him for her own.

XXV.

Sic fortasse senex reddet responsa colonus,
 " Sæpe videbatur, jam properante die,
 Discutiens agili gressu per pascua rores,
 Sol simul ac primo lumine tinxit agros.

XXVI.

" Quâ patulæ fagi, tortis radicibus alté
 Defixis, trepidans obtegit umbra solum,
 Ad medios æstus, sternebat inertia membra,
 Hærens obtutu lenæ fluentis aquæ.

XXVII.

" Jam prope vicinam sylvam, malesuada revolvens,
 Incerte ridens, mutaque labra movens,
 Jam, posito in terram vultu, similisque dolenti,
 Quem cura aut mendax obstupescit amor.

XXVIII.

" Tandem exorta dies, quo non in culmine montis,
 Aut campo, aut sylvâ (quam peramavit) erat.
 Altera successit, sed (quos dilexerat) agris
 Et rivo, et sætis abfuit ille viis.

XXIX.

" Mane novo, rite exequiis de more peractis,
 Vidimus effosso tradita membra toro ;—
 Adsta hæc ad sentem, lapidique incusa, Viator,
 (Cernere quæ potis es), tristia verba lege."

XXX.

Hic juvenis cineres ignoti inopisque sepultos,
 Materno amplexens pectore terra tenet ;
 Quem non impediit discentem ignobilis ortus,
 Cura tamen constans adfuit, una comes.

XXXI.

Large was his bounty and his soul sincere :
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
 He gave to misery all he could, a tear ;
 He gained from heaven, 'twas all he wished, a friend.

XXXII.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 There they alike in trembling hope repose,
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

XXXI.

Largus erat fidusque animi, Cælumque benignum
 Præmia pro meritis, rite repensa, dedit ;
 (Quod potuit), lacrymam miseris præbebat ;— amicum,
 (Quod fuit in votis), nactus amante Deo est

XXXII.

Desine virtutes ultra recludere vulgo,
 Et trahere e tenebris deteriora suis ;
 Spes merita et culpas pariter segura reponit
 In gremium cari, mixta timore, Dei.

